ity to prevent it. We entreat Southern men to consider the matter fairly, making our case their own. In some Northern village, where Slavery is practically unknown and nearly every one is a worker, a colored man appears, settles, and commences business. He proves industrious and exemplary, becomes a church-member, and, in the course of five or six years, has a wife and children. He prospers, is respected. and becomes generally known. Saddenly, two or three by no means prepossessing strangers appear in the village, loiter around its grogsheps for a few hours, and at length dart into this black fellow's workshop or dwelling, knock him down, gag and handcuff him, and have him out of the village and on his way to Slavery before his next neighbors can learn what is the cause of disturbance. Within an hour the whole village is gathered around his shricking wife and children; but nothing can be done the victim is beyond their reach. Perhaps, after a month or two, by taxing and harassing the whole village, taking the last quarter out of this servant-girl's purse and that apple-woman's apron, the man is ransomed from Slavery at a cost of \$2,000 or so, and restored to his family. But does that subdue the 'agitation?' Can you hope to suppress it while such tragedies as we have burriedly described are occurring from time to time in various places, and may occur almost any where?

-We say, then, to the South, in earnest frankness, this Fugitive Slave Law does create agitation throughout the Free States -will create it-must create it, so long as it is upheld and enforced. You can build no Platforms to prevent this, so long as elave-hunting in free communities is legalized. Then why not unite, if you deprecate Anti-Slavery agitation, in devising some means of obviating the mischief by removing the cause? We are willing to pay our fair proportion of the market value f your Slaves who run away into Free States-we hope most of our people would be also willing-but help you catch them we will not, cannot; and such is the feeling of (we think) nine-tenths of our Northern People. They are not all so frank as we are ; but there is not one American born in a Free State to each square mile of their surface who would not feel that he had done an intensely mean, disbonorable act if he had helped catch and bind a fugitive from Slavery. Many may be tempted to do it for money, as they will be tempted to do many things they know are base ; but any hearty, cheerful, general electity in obeying this Fugitive Slave Law, there is not in the Free States, and cever can be. Every one who dabbles in it for office or money's sake despises himself and hates his tempter for the deed. Then why not join in devising and enacting some commutation act which shall secure you the value of your fugitive slaves and obviate the agitation, alienation and bitterress which slave-hunting in free communities cannot fail to engender? Is there any thing unreasonable in the suggestion ?

KOSSUTH'S DISCOURSE IN THE TABERNACLE.

Never was a more crowded or brilliant adience assembled in the Tabernacle than that which gathered last night to listen to the parting discourse of the illustrious Hangarian. The ocusion was one of the deepest interest. The approaching arrival of Kossuth's "aged mother and homeless sisters," the exiled victims of kindred with the noble champion of his country's rights, has called forth a profound sympathy even in many bearts which have taken little interest in the impassioned appeals of the orator for American aid to Hungary. The stery of private griefs has effected them more powerfully than that of tational wrongs. Not a few also who have before had no opportunity of listening to the magic eloquence of Kossuth, could not per-mit the last occasion to pass without hearing the tones of that persuasive voice which it has been uttered. The audience was not only immense in numbers, but imposing by the elements of which it was composed. It represented all classes of New-York society. The aged were there who seldom appear in public places. A large proportion of ladies showed their devotion to the cause, by appearing in the Tabernacie, in spite of the crush and the severe heat. The wellknown faces of a host of our most respectable citizens, of every profession were seen in the vain Pursuit of a sent. A finer tarn out of the young men of New-York we have never witnessed on any public occasion; while numerous strangers, many just arrived in the city, and wearing their travelstained dress, served to complete the vast assem-

Long before eight o'clock, the hour announced for the meeting, every seat was occupied. The aisles were lined with extra benches, accommodating a throng of ladies, but great numbers were obliged to stand during the whole evening. The entrance of Kossuth, who came upon the stage accompanied by His Honor Chief Justice Jones, David D Field, William Ellery Sedgwick, Rev. Mr. Osgood and several of his Hungarian suite, was welcomed with repeated and enthusiastic cheers by the deeply excited audience. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, with white gloves. He appeared in better bealth than when he was in New-York before. On his being introduced to the assembly, by William C. Russel, Esq., the cheers were reiterated, and it was not until after some time that silence was so far restored as to enable him to begin his address. Of the masterly vigor and melting pathos of this production, we need not speak. Our readers will find it fully reported below, and cannot fail to appreciate its noble eloquence. But they can form no idea of the magnetic unction, the solemn carnestferent portions of the Discourse were delivered, ing to the dominant tone of feeling with which the speaker was inspired. A large part of it, as will be seen, was of a highly religious character, expressive of the sublime ideal of Christianhy cherished by Kossuth, and of the profound grief with which he contemplates the defeat of its Practical application to social and political affairs. His remarks on this topic evidently made a deep ression on the audience. At the close of the

Discourse nine hearty cheers were given for Kossuth and the cause of Hungary, when the audience slowly broke up as if reluctant to leave the charmed presence. ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
During six months I appeared many times before the tribunal of public opinion in America.

This evening I appear before you in the capacity
of a working man. My aged mother, tried by more sufferings than any living being on earth and my three sisters, one of them a widow with two fatherless orphans; together a homeless family of fourteen unfortunate souls, have been driven by the Austrian tyrant from their home, that Gelgotha of murdered right, that land of the oppressed, but also of undesponding braves, and the land of approaching revenge. When Russian violence, sided by domestic treason, succeeded to accomplish what Austrian perjury could not achieve, and I with bleeding heart went into exile, my mother and all my sisters have been im-prisoned by Austria; but it having been my constant maxim not to allow to whatever member of my family any influence in public affairs, except that I intrusted to the charitable superintending of my youngest sister the hospitals of the wounded heroes, as also to my wife the cares of providing for the furniture of these hospitals, not even the foulest intrigues could contrive any pretext for the continuation of their imprisonment. And thus, when diplomacy succeeded to fetter my patriotic activity by the internation to far Asia, after some months of unjust imprisonment, my mother and sisters and their family, have been released; and though surrounded by thousand spies, tortured by continual interference with their private life, and harassed by insulting police meas ures, they had at least the consolation to breathe the native air, to see their tears falling upon native soil, and no adversities could bend and no tyranny could break-But see at last the humanity of the Sultan, backed by American generosity, seconded by England, I once more

was restored to personal freedom, and by freedom to ac tivity. Having succeeded to escape the different snares and traps which I unexpectedly met, I considered it my duty publicly to declare that the war between Austrian tyranny and the freedom of Hungary is not ended yet, and swore eternal resistance to the oppressors of my country, and seclared that, faithful to the oath swora solemnly to my people, I will devote my life to the liberation of my fatherland. Scarcely reached the tidings of this my after resolution the bloody Court of Visnas, than two of my sisters were again imprisoned; my poor old mother escaping the same cruelty only on account that bristling bayonets of the bloodhounds of despotism, breaking in the dead of night upon the tranquil house, and the persecution of my sisters, hurried away out of Hungary to the prisons of Vienna, threw her in a half-dying condition upon a sick bed. Again no charge could be brought against the plot prisoners, because, knowing them in the tiger's den, and surrounded by spits, I not only did not communicate anything to them about my foreign preparations and my dispositions at home, but have expressly forbidden them to mix in anyway with the doings of patriotism.

But tyrants are suspinious. You know the tale about Marcius. He dreamt that he cut the throat of Dionysius the tyrant, and Dionysius condemned him to death, saying toat he would not have dreamt such things in the night, if he had not thought of it by day. Tous the Austrian tyrant imprisoned my sisters, because he suspected that, being my sisters, they must be initiated in my plans. At last, after five months of imprisonment, they were released, but upon the condition that they, as well as my mother and all my family, shall leave our native land. Thus they became exiles, homeless, helpiess, peor. I advised them to come to your free country—the asylum of the oppressed, where labor is honored, and where they must try to live by their honest work.

They followed my advice, and are on their way; but duty publicly to declare that the war between Austrian tyranny and the freedom of Hungary is not ended yet.

They followed my advice, and are on their way; bu They followed my advice, and are on their way; but my poor aged mother and my youngest sister, tae widow with the two orphans, being stopped by dangerous sickness at Brussels, another sister stopped with them to nurse them. The rest of the family is already on the way—is a sailing ship of course, I believe, and not in a steamer. We are poor. My mother and sisters will follow so soon as their health permits.

I felt the daty to help them in their first establishment here. For this I had to work, having no means of my

Some generous friends advised me to try a lecture for this purpuse, and I did it. I will not act the part of cry-ing complainant about our misfortunes; we will bear it. Let me at once go to my task.

There is a strring vitality of busy life about this your

There is a strring ritality of busy life about this your city of New York, striking with astonishment the strangers mind how great is the progress of humanity? Its steps are counted by centuries, and yet while countiess millions stand almost at the same point where they stood, and some even have declined since America first emerged out of an unexplored darkness, and which had covered her for thousands of yevrs, like the gem in the sea; while it is but yesterday a few pilgrims landed on the wild coast of Plymouth, flying from causeless oppressions, seeking but for a place of refuge and of rest, and for a free spot in the wilderness to store the Ainighty in their own way. Still in such a brief time, shorter than the rec-rided genealogy of the noble horse of the wandering Arab; yes, almost within the turn of the wandering Arab; yes, almost within the turn of the hand, out of the unknown wilderness a mighty empire arcee, broad as an ocean, solid as a mountain rock and upon the scarcely rotted roots of the primitive, forest, proud cities stand, teeming with boundless life, growing like the paritie's grass in spring, advancing like the steam engine, bailling time and distance like the telegraph, and spreading the pulsation of their life-tide to the remotest parts of the world; and in those cities and on that broad land a nation, free as the mountain air, independent as the soaring eagle, active as nature and powerful as the glant strength of millions of freemen.

men. How wonderful! What a present—and what a fu-Future !—then let me stop at this mysterious word the veil of unrevealed eternity!

The shadow of that dark word passed across my mind

and aroid the bustle of this gigantic bee-hive, there I stood with meditation alone.

And the spirit of the immovable past rose before my eyes, unfelding the misty picture rolls of vanished greatness, and of the fragility of human things.

And among their dissolving views there I saw the scorched soil of Africa, and upon that sell Thebes with its hundred gates, more splendid than the most splendid of all the existing cities of the world; Thebes, the pride of old Egypt, the first metropolis of arts and sciences, and the mysterious cradle of so many doctrines which still rule mankind in different shapes, though it has long forgotten their source. There I saw Syris, with its hundred cities, every city a nation, and every nation with an emptre's might. Balbeck, with its gigantic temples, the very views of which baille the languistion of man, as they stand like mountains of carved rocks in the desert where for hundreds of miles not a stone is to be found, and no river flows, offering its tolerant bark to carry a mountain's weight upon, and yet there they stood, those gigantic ruins; and as we glance at them with sato. Ishnent, though we have its tolerant bark to earry a mountain's weight upon, and yet there they stood, those glgantic ruins; and as we glance at them with satonishment, though we have mastered the mysterious elements of nature, and know the combination of levers, and how to catch the lightning, and to command the power of stoam and of compressed air, and how to write with the burning fluid out of which the thunderbolt is forged, and how to drive the current of streams up the mountain's top, and how to make the sir shine in the night like the light of the sun, and how to drive to the bottom of the deep ocean, and how to rise up to the sky,—cities like New-York dwindle to the modest proportion of a child's toy, that we are tempted to take the nice little thing up on the nsil of our thumb, as Micromegas did with the man of wax. Though we know all this, and many things else, still, looking at the times of Balbeck, we cannot forbear to ask what people of giants was that which could do what neither the puny efforts of our skill nor the rawaging hand of unrelenting time can undo, through thousands of years. And then I saw the dissolving picture of Nineveh, with its ramparts now covered with mountains of sand, where Layard is digging up colossal winged bulls, huge as a mountain, and yet carved with the nicety of a cameo; and then Babylon, with its wonderful walls; and Jerusalem, with its wnequaled temple; Tyrus, with its countiess fleets. Arad, with its wharfs; and Sidon, with its labyrinth of workshops and factories; and Ascalon, and Gaza, and Beyrout, and further of Persepolls, with its world of palaces.

All these passed before my eyes as they have been.

Beyrout, and further off Persepolis, with its worm of palaces.

All these passed before my eyes as they have been, and sgain they passed as they now are, with no trace of their ancient greatness, but here and there a ruin, and everywhere the desolation of tombs. With all their splendor, power and might they vanished like a bubble, or like the dream of a child, leaving but for a moment a drop of cold sweat upon the sleeper s brow, or a quivering mile upon his lips; then this wiped away, dream, sweat and smile, all is nothingness.

So the powerful cities of the ancient greatness of a giant sge; their very memory but a sad monument of the fregility of human things.

And yet, proud of the passing hour's bliss, men speak of the future and believe themselves insured against its vicesitudes.

vicesitudes.

And the spirit of history rolled on the misty shapes of

And the spirit of history rolled on the misty shapes of the past before the eyes of my soul. After those cities of old came the nations of old. The Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the war-like Philistines, the commercial re-publics of Phonicia and the Persians, rolling from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and Expyt becoming the center of the universe, after having been thousands of years ago the cradle of its civilization.

Where is the power, the splendor and the glory of all those mighty nations? All has vanished without other trace than such as the foot of the wanderer leaves toon the dust.

and still men speak of the future with proud seen-

rity.

And yet they know that Carthage is no more, though
it-ruled Spain, and ruled Africa beyond the pillars of
Hercules down to Cerene, as immenseterritory, blussed

with all the blessings of nature, which Hermon filled with flourishing cities of which now no trace remains. And men speak of the future, thouse they know that such things as heroic tirecee once did exist, glurious in its very ruins, and a source of everlasting inspiration in its immortal memory.

domitable energy.

And men speak of the future, though they know that such a thing did exist as Rome, the Mistress of the World,—Rome rising from atomic smallness to im nortal greatness, and to a grandeur absorbing the world,—

ore their eyes.

But it is the sad fate of humanity that, encompassing is hopes, fears, contentment and wishes, within the sarrow scope of momentary satisfaction, the great esson of history is taught almost in vain. Whatever lesson of history is taught almost in vsin. Whatever be his warrangs, we rely on our good fortane; and we are logenious in finding out some scotting pretext to full down the dreadful admonitions of history Man, in his private capacity, consoles the instinctive apprehension of his heart with the idea that his condition is different from what warningly strikes his mind. The patriot feels well, that not only the present, but also the future of his beloved country, has a calan to his cares; but he hills himself into carelesaness by the ingenious consolation that the condition of his country is different—that it is not obnoxious to those faults which made other countries decline and fall; that the time is different; the character and spirit of the nation are different, its power not so precarious, and its prosperity more ferent; the character and spirit of the nation are different, its power not so precarious, and its prosperity more solid; and that, therefore, it will not share the fate of those which vanished like a dream. And the philanthropist, also, whose heart throbs for the lasting welfare of all humanity, cheers his mind with the idea that after all, mankind at large is happier than it was of yore, and that this happiness insures the future against the reverses of oisen times.

That fallacy, natural as it may be, is a curse which weighs heavily on us. Let us see in what respect our age is different from those olden times. Is mankind more virtuous than it has been of yore! Why, in this enlightened age, are we not looking for virtuous laspirations to the god-like characters of these olden times! If we take virtue to be love of the laws, and of the Fatheriand, dare we say that our age is more virtuous?

ations to the god-like characters of these olden times? If we take virtue to be love of the laws, and of the Fatheriand, dare we say that our age is more virtuous? If that man is to be called virtuous who, in all his acts, is but snimated by a regard to the common go d, and who, in every case, feels ready to subordinate his own selfash interest to public extgencies—if that be virtue, (as indeed it is.) I may well appeal to the conscience of mankind to give an impartial verdict upon the question if our age se more virtuous than the age of Codrus or of Regulus, of Dectus and of Scarola. Look to the achool of Zeno, the stoics of immortal memory; and when you see them contemning alike the vanity of riches and the ambition of personal glory, impenetrable to the considerations of pleasure and of pain, occupied only to promote public welfare and to fulfil their duties toward the community; when you see them inspired in all their acts by the destrine that, born in a society, it is their duty to live for the benefit of society; and when you see them placing their own happiness only upon the happiness of their fellow men,—then say if our too selfish, too material age can stand a comparison with that olden period. When you remember the politicians of ancient Greece, acknowledging no other basis for the security of the commonwealth than virtue; and see the political system of our days, turning only upon manufactures, commerce and finances, will you say that our age is more virtuous? When, looking to your political parties; and then in contra position will reflect upon those times when Cirnos, of Athens, chosen to take part in pis country's government, assembled his friends and renounced their friendship, in order that upon those times when Cimos, of Athens, caseed to take part in his country's government, assembled his friends and renounced their friendship, in order that he might not be tempted by party considerations or by affections of amity, in his important duties toward the commonwealth. Then, having thus reflected, say, "Take you our own age to be more virtuous, and therefore more insured against the reverses of fortune, than those older times."

"Take you our own age to be more virtuous, and therefore more insured against the reverses of fortune, than those older times."

But perhaps there is a greater amount of private happiness, and by the broad diffusion of private welfare, the security of the Commonwealth is more lasting and more sure!

Caracdell, having been Ambassador in England, when returned to Italy, said that "England is the most detectable in the world, because there are to be found twenty different sorts of religion, but only two kinds of soups with which to sesson meat.

There is a point in that questionable jest—materialiem! curse of our age! Who can seriously speak about the broad diffusion of happiness in a country where contentment is measured according to how many kinds of souces we can taste! My people is by far not the most material. We are not much given to the cupidity of becoming rich. We know the word "enough." The simplicity of our manners makes us easily contented in our material relations; we like rather to be free than to be rich; we look for an honor able profit, that we may have upon what to live; but we don't file to live for the sake of profit; augmentation of property and of wealth with us not life, we prefer tranquil, independent

Indeed, are your richest money sings aspect was, when he preferred his seven acres of land worked by his own hands to the treasures of an empire? Are the ladies of to-day, adorned with all the gorgeous splendor of wealth, of jeweis, and of art, happier then those ladies of ancient Rome have been, to whom it was forbidden to wear sitk and jeweiry, or drive in a carriage through the streets of Rome? Are the ladies of to-day happier in the splendid parlors than the Porcias and the Cornelias have been in the homely retirement of their modest nurseries? Nay; all that boundless thirst of wealth, which is the ruling spirit of our sge, and the moving power of enterprising energy, all this hunting after treasures, and all its happiest results, have they improved their soul, or even their body and their health, at least so much that the richest of men could cat and digest two dinners instead of one? Or has the hastiable thirst of meterial gain originated a purer patriotism, has it made mankind more devoted to their country, more ready to sacrifice for public interest? If that were the case, then I would gladly confess the error of my doubts and take the pretended larger amount of happiness for a guarantee of the future of the common wealth. But, ladies and gentlemen! a single word—the manner in which we use it, distorting its original meaning, often characterizes a whole century. You all know the word "idiot:" almost every living language has adopted it, and all languages attach to it the idea that an "idiot" is a word of Greek extraction, and meant with the Greek a man who cared nothing for the public interest, but was all devoted to the seifash pursuit of private profit, whatever might have been its results to the community. On what an immense, what adeplorable change must have occurred in the character of humanity, till unconsciously we came to the print, that by what name the ancient Greeks would have styled those European money hings, who, for a miserable profit, administer to the unreleating deepots their eternal l

in leving your ownselves you love your country, and in leving your ownselves you love your country, and in loving your country you love your ownselves. Tais community of public and private interest will make you avoid the atumbling black over which others fell.—Prosperity is of course a great benefit; it is one of the sims of human society;—but when prosperity becomes too material it does not always guarantee the future. Parsdoxical as it may appear, too much prosperity is often dangerous and some national misfortune is now and then a good preservation of prosperity. For much prosperity makes nations much prosperity is often dangerous and some hational misfortune is now and then a good preservation of prosperity. For much prosperity makes nations careless of their future; seeing no immediate danger, they believe no danger possible, and then when a danger comes, either by sudden chance or by the slow accumulation of noxious elements, then, frightened by the idea that in meeting the danger their private prosperity might be injured or lost, selfishness often prevalis over pairtotism, and men become ready to submit to arrogan pretentions, and compromise with extigencies at the price of principles, and republics datter despots, and reemen covet the friendship and induigence of tyrants, only that things may go on just as they go, though militions weep, and nations groan; but still, things should go on just as they go, because every change may claim a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such a sacrifice, or affect our thriving private interest. Such as secretic prosperity. Therefore prosperity alone affords yet no security.

You remember the tale of Polycrates. He was the happiest of men; good luck attended every one of his happiest of men; good luck attended every one of his heaping at the private prosperity of the private prosperity in the see. Soon after a fish was brought to his into the see. Soon after a fish was brought to his into the see. Soon after a fish was brought to his into the see. Soon after a fish was brought to his into the see. Soon after a fish was brought to his to the friend who advised him hastened of the fish; p

recall the constituting easential principles to the memory of nations. Mid who is charged by Providence of Threst men it was which recealed the Somant to the love of their fatherland; nations had till now about such things no other te scher than misforme. They should choose to have a less afflecting one. They can have it. To point this out will be the final object of my remarks, but so much is certain, that prosperity alone is yet no security for the future, even of the happiest commonwealth. Those sancient and now have been also prosperox. They were industrious, as your nation is; their land has been covered with either and villages, well cultivated fields, blessed with the richest crops, and crowded with counters to the security of the control of the security of the control of the control

publics, is also no new trenton. Greece has known it, and flourished by it for a while. Rome has known it, by such associations she attacked the world. The world has known them; with them it defended itself against Rome. The so-called Barbarians of Europe, beyond the Danube and the Rhine, have knewn it; it was by a confederacy of usion that they resisted the ambitious mistress of the world. Your own country, America, has known it; the traditionary history of the Romans of the West, of those six Indian Nators, bears the records of it, out of an older time than your ancestors settled in this land; the wise man of the Ocondaga Nation has exercised it long before your country's Legislators built upon that basis your independent home. And still it proved in itself alone no accurity to all those nations who have known it before you. Your own fathers have seen the last of the Mohawks burying his bloody tomahawk in the name-sake flood, and bare his head to the majestic words of Logan, spoken with the dignity of an Æmilius, that there exists no living being on earth in the veins of whom one drop of the blood of his race dis flow. Well,

then weaker near may deen ask, what good is it to hold up the mournal monuments of a national mortality to sadden our heart, if all that shuman must share that common doom? Let us do as we can, and so far as we can, and let the future bring, what bring it may—But that would be the speech of one having no faith in the all-watching Eye, and regarding the eiternal laws of the universe not as an emanation of a bountiful providence, but of a hilled fatality, which plays at hazard with the destinate of men. I never will stare such blasphemy. Misfortune came over me, and came over my house, and came over my guilties nation; attil I never have lost my trust in the Father of all. I have head the days when the people of my oppressed country went along weeping over the immense mistortune that they cannot part, seeing the downfail of the justest cause and the outrageous triumph of the most criminal of all crimes on earth; and they went along not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are not able to pray, and weeping that they are all the pray in the desclation of my action, and the able of them are all as the mean and and the pray in the failure of the and all the are all as the mean and and the pray in the action and action and are all as the mean and and are all as the mean and are all as the mean and are all as the mean and and are all as the mean and are all as a mountal and and are all as the mean and are all as a mountal and and are all as a mountal and and

Every rekgion has two parts. One is the dogmatical; the part of worship; the other is the moral part.

The first, the dogmatic part belonging to those mysterious regions, which the arm of an man understanding cannot reach, because they belong to the dominion of belief, and that begins where the dominion of knowledge ends—that part of religion, therefore, the dogmatic one, should be left to every man to settle between God and his own conscience. It is a sacred field, whereon worldly power never should dare to trespass, because there it has no power to enfarce its will. Force can murder; it can make liars and hypocrifies, but no violence on earth can force a man to believe what he does not believe. Yet the other part of religion—the moral part—is quite different. That no government the title of a Christian government, which is not founded upon the basis of Caristian morality, and which takes it not for an all overruling law to fulfill the moral duties ordered by the religion of Christ toward men and nations, who are but the community of men, and toward mankind, which is the community of nen, and toward mankind, which is the community of nations. Now, look to those dread pages of history, stained with the blood of milions, spit under the blaspnemous pretext of religion; was it the interest to vindicate the rights and enforce the duties of Christian morality, which raised the hand of nation against hailon, of government against government? No, it was the fanaticism of creed and the fury of dogmatism. Nations and governments rose to propagate their manner to worship God, and their own mode to believe the inscrutable mysteries of eternity, but nobody has yet raised a figer to punish the sacrilegious violation of the moral laws of Christ, nobody ever stirred to claim the fulfillment of the duties of Christian morality toward nations. There is much speaking about the separation of Church and State, and yet, on close examination, we shall see that there was, and there is accreed yone single Government entirely free from the direct or indirect induces of one or other religious denomination, scarcely one which would not at least bear a predilection, if not contains and always creed. The mysteries of dogmatis n, and the manners of worship enter into these considerations, they enter even into the politics, and turn the scales of batted and affection; but certainly there is not one single nation, not one single government the policy of which would ever have been regulated by that law of morality which our Savieur has promulgated as the eternal law of God, which shall be obeyed in all the relations of men to men. But you say, of the direct or indirect amalgamation of Church and State proved to be

fellow-men, the Christian religion commands positive vitue. Its divine injunctions are not performed by not design wrong; it desires us to do good. The doctrine of Jesus Christ is sublime in its majestic simplicity. "Thou shalt love God above all, and love thy neighbor as thou lovest thyself."

This sublime doctrine is the religion of love. It is the religion of charity "Though I speak with the tongues of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it prodicts me nothing. "Thus speaks the Lord, and thus speaking be gives the law. "Do unto others as thou desirust others to do unto thee." Now in the name of Him who gave this law to humanity, to build up the eternal blies and temporal happiness of manhind, in the name of that Eternal Legislator, I sak, is in that charity; in that fundamental law of Christianity, any limit of distinction drawn in man in his power, and man in his natural capacity? I is it but slaw for a man where he is alone, and can do but little good? Is it no law more when millions are together? Am I in my personal adversatics; is my aged mother in har included description, are my homeless sitters whom you where he is alone, and can do but into good: I at the
law more where two are together, and can do more
god; no law more when millions are together? Am I
in my personal adversities; is my aged mother in her
helpless desolation; are my homeless sisters whom you
feed to-day, that they may work to morrow; are we
your neighbors, unto whom you de as you would
others in a similar position do unto yourself? And is
every one of my down-trodden people a neighbor to
every one of you; but all my people collectively, is it
not a neighbor to you? And is my nation not a neighbor to your nation? I smy down-trodden land a neighbor to your down-trodden lano? Oh! my God, men
speak of the Christian religion and style themselves
Christians, and yet make a distinction between virtue
in private life and virtue in public life; as if the divine
law of Charity would have been given only for certain
men and men.

"There he is again, with his eternal complaints about
his country's wrongs;" may perhaps somebody remark:

small relations, and not for all the relations between men and men.

"There be is again, with his eternal complaints about his country's wrongs;" may perhaps somebody romark: "This is an assembly of charity, assembled to ease his private woes of family, and there be is again speaking of his country's wrongs, and alluding to our Foreign policy, about which he knows our views to be divided." Thus I may be charged.

My "private farsily woes!" But all my woes and all the woes of my family, are concentrated in the unwarrantable oppression of my fatherland. You are an assembly of charity, it is true; and the Almighty may requite you for it, but being a charitable assembly, can you bame me that the filial end fraternal devotion of my heart, in taking with gratitude the baim of consolation which your charity pours into the bleeding wounds of my fanolly, looks around to heal those wounds, the torturing pains of which you ease, but which cannot be cared but by justice and charity done to my fatherland. Shall this sad heart of mine be contented by leaving to my homeless brother and sisters the means to have their bread by honest labor, their daily bread salted with the bitner tears of exile; and shall I not care to leave them the hope that their misfortune will have an end; that they will see again their beloved home; that they will see again their beloved home; that they will see again their bollowed home; that they will see again their plantage of mother, that when her soon departing soul, crowned with the gariand of martyrdem, looks down from the home of the bleased, the united joy of the heavens will thrill through her immortal spirit, seeing her dear, dear Hungary free! Your views are divided on the subject, it may be; but can your views are divided on the subject, it may be; but can your views are divided on the subject, it may be; but can your views are divided on the subject, that it is the command of God to love your neighbors as you love yourselves? That it is the duty of Christians, that it is the fundamental p

of a man, how would he have preached; how acted miracles, and how had been crucified? And when they went to the theme of investigating if it was a winty or a tash with which the angels have whipped St. Jerome for trying to imitate in his writings the pagen Cicero, it was but after centuries that Abbet Cartant dare to write that if St. Jerome was whipped at all he was whipped far having badly imitated Cicero. Still the doctrine of Christian charity is so sublime in its simplicity, that not even the subtlity of scholasticism dared ever to profane it by any controversy, and still that sublime doctrine is not executed, and the religion of charity not re alized yet. The task of this glorious progress is only to be done by a free and powerful natien, because it is a task of action, and not of teaching, individual man can but execute it in the narrow compass of the small relations of private ife, it is only the power of a nation which can raise it to become a ruling law on earth; and before this is done the triumph of Christianity is not arrived—and without that triumph, freedom and prosperity even of the mightest nation is not for a moment safe from internal decay or from foreign violence.

Which is the nation to achieve that triumph of Christianity hy protecting justice out of charity? Which shell do it, if not yours? Whom the Lord has blessed above all, and from whom he much expects, because he has given her much.

Ye Ministers of the Gospel, who devoted your life to expound the eternal truth of the book of life, remember my humble words, and remind those who, with plous hearts, listen to your sacred words, that half virue is no virtues at all, and that there is no difference in the duties of charity between public and private life.

Ye Missionaries who devoted your life to the propagation of Christianity, before you embark for the dan-

Ye Missionaries who devoted your life to the propagation of Christianity, before you embark for the dangers of far inhospitable shores, remind those whom you leave, that the example of a nation exercising right and justice on earth by charity, would be the mightest propagate down of Christian religion.

Ye Patriots, loving your country foture, and ancious about her security, remember the admonitions of bistory—remember that the freedom, the power, and the prosperity in which your country glories, is no new apparition on earth, others also had it, and yot they are gone. The prudence with which your forefathers have founded this Commonwealth, the courage with which you develop it, other nations also have shown, and still they are some.

And ye Ladies; ye fairest incarnation of the spirit of Love, which vivides the Universe, remember my words;

And ye Ladies; ye fairest incarnation of the spirit of Love, which vivines the Universe, remember my words; the heart of Man is given in your tender hands. You modd it initationancy. You imprint the lasting work of character upon Man's brow. You canoble his youth; you soften the hershness of his manhood; you are the guardian angels of his hoary age. All your vocation is love, and your life is charity. The religion of charity wants your appeticiate, and requires your aid. It is to you I appeal, and leave the sublime topic of my humble reflections to the meditation of your Christian hearts.

And thus, my task of today is done. Man shall earn the means of life by the awest of his brow. Thus shall my family. Your charity of today has opened the way to it. The school which my mother, if God sparse her life, will superintend, and in which two of my sleters will teach, and the humble farm which my third elser and her family shall work, will be the gift of your charity today.

will teach, and the humber simple is and her family shall work, will be the gift of your charity to-day.

A stony weight of cares is removed from my breast,—
On! be blessed for it, be thanked for it, in the name of them all who have lost everything, but not their trust to God, and not the benefit of being able to work. My country will fergive me that I have taken from her the time of one days work,—to give bread to my agen mothers and to my homeless sisters, the poor victius of unrelenting tyranny. Returning to Europe, I may find my own little children in a condition that again the father will have to take the spade or the pen into his hand to give them bread.

And my fatherland will again forgive me, that that time is taken from her. That is all what I take from her. And the day's work which I take from my country, I will restore it by a night's labor. To day, the son and the brother has done bis task; you have required his labor by a generous charity; the son and brother thanks yes for it, and the patriot, to resume his task, bids you a hearty, warm, farewell.

F Rev. Ezra Styles Ely, D. D., for